You muſt not put another ſcandall on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning,but breath his faults ſo quently
That they may ſeeme the taints of liberty,
The flaſh and out-breake of a fiery mind,
A ſauagenes in vnreclamed blood,
Of generall aſſault.

*Rey.* But my good Lord.

*Pol.* Wherefor ſhould you doe this?

*Rey.* I my Lord,I would know that.

*Pol.* Marry ſir,heer's my drift,
And I beleeue it is a fetch of wit,
You laying theſe ſlight ſullies on my ſonne
As t'were a thing a little ſoyld with working,
Marke you,your party in conuerſe,him you would ſound
Hauing euer ſeene in the prenominat crimes
The youth you breath of guilty,be aſſur'd
He cloſes with you in this conſequence,
Good ſir,(or ſo,)or friend,or Gentleman,
According to the phraſe,or the addition
Of man and country.

*Rey.* Very good my Lord.

*Pol.* And then ſir does a this,a does:what was I about to ſay?
By the maſſe I was about to ſay ſomething,
Where did I leaue?

*Rey.* At cloſes in the conſequence.

*Pol.* At cloſes in the conſequence,I marry,
He cloſes thus,I know the Gentleman
I ſaw him yeſterday,or th'other day,
Or then,or then,with ſuch or ſuch,and as you ſay,
There was a gaming there,or tooke in's rowſe,
There falling out at Tennis,or perchance
I ſaw him enter ſuch or ſuch a houſe of ſale,
Videlizet,a brothell,or ſo forth,ſee you now,
Your bait of falſhood:take this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wiſdome,and of reach,
With windleſſes:and with aſſaies of bias,
By indirects find directions out,
So by my former lecture and aduiſe





Shall you my ſonne;you haue me,haue you not?

*Rey.* My Lord,*I* haue.

*Pol.* God buy yee,far yee well.

*Rey.* Good my Lord.

*Pol.* Obſerue his inclination in your ſelfe.

*Rey.* I ſhall my Lord,

*Pol.* And let him ply his muſique.

*Rey.* Well my Lord. *Exit Rey.*

*Enter Ophelia.*

*Polo.* Farwell. How now *Ophelia*,whats the matter?

*Ophe.* O my Lord,my Lord,I haue beene ſo affrighted,

*Polo.* With what i'th name of God?

*Ophe.* My Lord,as I was ſowing in my cloſſet,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head his ſtockins fouled,
Vngartred,and downe gyred to his ankle,
Pale as his ſhirt,his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke ſo pittious in purport
As if he had beene looſed out of hell
To ſpeake of horrors,he comes before me.

*Polo.* Mad for thy loue?

*Ophe.* My Lord I do not know,
But truly I doe feare it.

*Polo.* What ſaid he?

*Ophe.* He tooke me by the wriſt,and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow,
He falls to ſuch periuſall of my face
As a would draw it;long ſtayd he ſo,
At laſt,a little ſhaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe,
He raiſed a ſigh ſo pittious and profound,
As it did ſeeme to ſhatter all his bulke,
And end his being; that done,he lets me go,
And with his head ouer his ſhoulders turn'd
He ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out a doores he went without their helps,
And to the laſt bended their light on me.